O, the deuill take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue mee,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I haue done Ifaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh priſoners,
Deliuer them vp, without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the Douglas ſonne your onely meane
For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in Scotland being thus employed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble prelate welbelou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hotſpur. Of Yorke, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at Briſtow the Lord Scroope:
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hotſp. I ſmell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game is afoot, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aimd.
Wor. And t'is no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. He does, he does, weele be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Cooſen, farewell. No further goe in this,
Then I by letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.
Nor. Farewel good brother, we ſhal thriue, I truſt.
Hot. Vncle adieu: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones applaud our ſport.

Enter a Carrier With a lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho. An it bee not foure by the day hangd, Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and horſe not packt. What Oſtler.
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat Cuts ſaddle, put a few fl the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beanes are as danke here as a dog, a is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this houſe is vpſide downe ſince Robin Oſtler died.
1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioied ſince the price of Oa it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I thinke this be the moſt villainous houſe in al I road for fleas, I am ſtung like a Tench.
1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Maſſe there is ne're a kin ſten could be better bit, then I haue bin ſince the firſt co
2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs ne're a Iordane, and t leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fl a loach.
1 *Car.* What, Oſtler, come away, and be hang'd, com
2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes ger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing croſſe.
1 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are qui ued: what Oſtler? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an e head? can'ſt not heare, and t'were not as good deede as